



If your skin itches just use Resinol

No remedy can honestly promise to heal every case of eczema or similar skin ailment. But Resinol Ointment, aided by Resinol Soap, gives such instant relief from the itching and burning, and so generally succeeds in clearing the eruption away for good, that it is the standard skin treatment of thousands and thousands of physicians. Why not try it? Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap are sold by all druggists.

Topics of the Home and Household.

An apple in the cake box keeps the cake fresh and moist.

When a garment is stained or streaked from being partially dipped in cleansing fluid, it should be allowed to dry and then held over the steam from a kettle until the ring disappears.

Do you throw away "ham gravy" or bacon fat, Madam Housewife, because it is too greasy for ordinary use? Here is a way suggested by the United States department of agriculture to make it blend into soups or gravies instead of floating as a greasy layer on top. Stir into each two tablespoons of melted grease one-half tablespoon of flour. The mixture will blend easily into milk soups, stock soups, sauces or gravies and give an appetizing flavor.

War Bread.

Although the regulations pertain only to public bakeries, the following directions for Hooverized bread in war time will be interesting to all breadmakers: Loaves to be baked in only four weights—one, one and one-half, two and four pounds.

All fancy breads to be eliminated. Loaves to be creased in middle, to permit sale in halves.

Only three pounds of sugar allowed for each barrel of flour, instead of six as at present.

Two pounds of vegetable oil shortening must be used to each barrel, instead of six pounds of lard or oil.

Only skimmed milk to be used.

One may imagine the scorn of the authors and builders of that splendid food—homemade bread—if asked to follow such a schedule. Accustomed to their pint of whole milk, liberal "gob" of lard and cup of sugar to each baking, what will they say to skim milk, margarine and a mere "trace" of sugar?

And yet this war-time bread is planned on lines which Herald readers will recognize as having been suggested in these columns. It is not likely to be very much relished, but it will be nutritious. It can be eaten by everyone and it will undoubtedly save fats, sugar and milk if made along Hoover lines.

Probably every man and the hopeless dyspeptic likes homemade bread, made like mother used to make it, but we must begin to like the Hooverized variety if we are to aid our hungry allies and supply our fighting men in France. Those of us who are inclined to fight against the change and to demand our sweet, fat bread of old may as well remember that unless we save a few million barrels of flour, fat and sugar this winter, spring will find us reduced to mixed flours and the pure white loaf as much of a novelty and luxury as angel cake is to-day.

Let us adopt the Hoover formula for bread lest a worse thing happen.—Rutland Herald.

OLD KID GLOVES WANTED.

They Are to Be Utilized for Wearing Apparel for Soldiers.

If you have any old kid gloves send them to the headquarters of the New England division of the American Red Cross 755 Boylston street, Boston, where they will be used to make kid-lined vests for the men in the advanced trenches in France. Such vests, or jackets, have been made by the British Red Cross for the "Tommys" and have been found to be of the utmost value, and the very best protection from exposure.

This movement has been started in the interest of the American soldiers at the suggestion of Mrs. August Belmont, who says:

"The British army is provided with sweeter coats and such like but these are not enough for the men in the front trenches during the cold weather. So here in England they started a movement for the making of leather jackets out of old gloves—because of the scarcity of leather. These have turned out to be the very things the men needed as they are more pliable than leather.

"They advertised for old kid gloves and there was an immediate response. The gloves are first cleaned, then cut up and fitted to a pattern. It is patch work and machine stitched. They are also used for old fur which they disinfected and used in much the same way for jackets for aviators."

Arrangements have already been made for the cleaning of all gloves sent to the New England headquarters. After they have been cleaned they will be sent to the division chapter with full explanations and patterns. So look up some old kid gloves at once.



"There's a new flavor that most everybody likes in POST TOASTIES—Bobby"

ACQUITTAL FOR A TREATMENT FOR NERVES

A Verdict of Not Guilty in New York Murder Trial

JURY OUT BUT HOUR AND 45 MINUTES

Freed Widow Will Take Her Small Son to Former Home in Chili

New York, Dec. 3.—It required but one hour and 45 minutes for a jury in supreme court at Mineola, Saturday night to reach a verdict of not guilty in the trial of Mrs. Blanca De Saules for the murder of her divorced husband, John L. De Saules, former Yale football star and clubman, at his home near Westbury, L. I., the night of Aug. 3. In the verdict, no reference whatever was made to insanity. It had been a plea of temporary loss of accountability which formed the basis of the defendant's case. Mrs. De Saules, who had maintained an air of extreme self-possession throughout the two weeks of the trial, received the verdict smilingly. She shook hands with each of the jurors as they left the box and to each gave a nod of appreciation.

As Mrs. De Saules left the court room a newspaper photographer touched off a flashlight. The shock of the explosion, coupled with the young woman's heightened nervous tension, caused her to stagger, but was prevented from falling by Dr. J. Shetman Wright, her physician. She was taken into a nearby room where she soon recovered. "I'm so happy," was her only comment, according to Mrs. De Saules' attorney, Henry A. Uerhart.

The case went to the jury at 5:30 p. m., Justice David E. Manning immediately announced a recess until 8:30, during which the jurors were taken to a hotel for dinner. They returned at 7:40 o'clock and were immediately closeted to begin their deliberations.

Mrs. De Saules' acquittal automatically establishes her as the only legal custodian of her son, John L. Saules, Jr., according to her attorneys. It was for love of the boy, the defendant contended throughout the trial, that she went to her former husband's home, "The Box," the night of the tragedy. She has stated that as soon as she has cleared up all right to the possession of the child she will take him back to Chili, her native land.

TRAINMEN ASK FOR HIGHER WAGES

Nearly Every Road in Country Receives Petition from Employees for Increases.

New York, Dec. 3.—Demands were presented to virtually every railroad in the country Saturday for increases in wages for trainmen and conductors which are approximately 40 per cent higher than the present scale. The general chairman of the two labor organizations presented the wage schedule to the general managers of the railroads throughout the country Saturday. The railroads are asked to make answer to the demands by the 31st at the latest.

The railroad managers are requested to enter into a collective movement for the purpose of handling the proposition at one and the same time through a joint committee representing all railroads concerned and the two labor organizations stand ready to do likewise.

It is expected that the railroad managers and the representatives of the employees will meet in joint session in about two weeks, probably in the East in an effort to reach an agreement on the wage question.

Saturday's demand for increased wages is the result of a referendum vote taken by the two labor organizations, following the approval of the proposition by the executive committee of the several associations representing the two organizations which met in Chicago Nov. 1 to 4 inclusive.

A BROTHER IN FRANCE.

Jimmy, the Boy Scout, Sold Liberty Bonds to Help Him.

(By Anna Steese Richardson of The Vigilantes.)

Jimmy, the boy scout who delivers afternoon papers to my friend, had just sold her another Liberty bond, after she assured me that she was carrying all that her means would permit.

But then no one can withstand Jimmy. He has a fine, manly way with him, and he is no ordinary boy. He is president of his class in the high school, has a paper route, morning and night, and works for the best grocer in town during the Saturday rush hour.

"Jimmy, how can you find time to sell Liberty bonds, and why do you take such a great personal interest in the war?"

"I have a brother in France!" To me this explained everything, but my friend exclaimed in a shocked voice: "Why, Jimmy B.—you're an only son!"

"I got a brother in France," he reiterated doggedly. "I got him all picked out. He has brown hair and eyes, and he wears his hat so—drawing his own tan felt over his eyes at a rakish angle—"

"He ain't much taller than me, kind of thin, and quick as a cat. I don't know his name, but I'm going to get it soon. I've written a letter—'To a Lonely American Soldier' and sent it safe, General Pershing to the expeditionary force in France. I bet some fellow that hasn't any folks over there will answer it."

My friend and I exchanged quick glances.

"The Corbin said to us Wednesday night—'Each one of you boys has a brother fighting for you in France. Go to it! Work for him like the mischief. Well, I'm working for mine. If I sell a Liberty bond, it's for him. If I run errands for the Red Cross, it's for him.'"

Jimmy folded the Liberty bond pledge, and tucked it into his pocket.

"Much obliged, Mrs. S.—Good evening."

"A brother in France!"

Long after Jimmy left, we sat in silence. Dusk settled on the room, and the wood fire filled it with strange shadows.

And soon for me the shadows were peopled with men and boys. Dominion, who used to try my tidy sent by scattering ashes over my stone walk when the gathered garbage and ashes! He always came a bit late on Christmas morning, so he might receive in person and express his thanks for the little gift of

Woman Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her.

West Danby, N. Y.—"I have had nervous trouble all my life until I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for nerves and for female troubles and it straightened me out in good shape. I work nearly all the time, as I live on a farm and I have four girls. I do all my sewing and other work with their help, so it shows that I stand it real well. I took the Compound when my ten year old daughter came and it helped me a lot. I keep it in the house all the time and I recommend it."—Mrs. DEWITT SINCEBAUGH, West Danby, N. Y.



Sleeplessness, nervousness, irritability, backache, headaches, dragging sensations, all point to female derangements which may be overcome by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from choice roots and herbs, has for forty years proved to be a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism.

money which he knew would be waiting for him. And Dennis, the irresponsible grocer's boy, who almost invariably forgot the one most important item of my order, and who went off whistling despite the reprimand. He was always saying tender nothings to my Finnish waitress who understood his eyes better than his words. And sorrow, sharp-tongued Jacob, son of Kertola, the newsdealer, who always made mistakes in my bill. He had told me, with a lighting of his dull eyes, of winning the photograph at the Royal Arcanum fair.

Dominico! Dennis! Jacob! Their names are printed every week now in our village paper, under the caption—"Our Roll of Honor."

And suddenly I looked into the future. Can that be Dominico's black eyes staring up unseeingly from No Man's land to a mist-hung sky? Are those Dennis' merry lips twisted in pain as his pale arm lay limp to the trenches? Is that Jacob's narrow forehead, ivory lined and dripping with the cold moisture of mortal agony, against the background of a hospital pillow?

Such a little time since all three of them were serving me and mine for wages on which they could dream of sweethearts and homes of their own—and now all three of them—fighting for me, giving themselves, their hopes—their all that their country and mine may be safe from invasion.

Dominico—Dennis—Jacob—my brothers in France.

My hostess rose abruptly and switched on the light.

"I think I'll put up the car. I—I can't burn another gallon of gas when I think how it is needed for the ambulances—her voice broke—"for my brothers in France."

At dinner that night we ate no butter on our bread. We drank coffee without sugar.

An emotional impulse, aroused by a boy's vivid imagination.

No—a message so stern that it is not to be denied.

All my life candy has been my one indulgence. It has taken me weeks to subdue the yearning and send chocolate to my brothers in France.

Last week, a Canadian man, the only one of his family not in France—and this only because of his years, walked with me through our suburban town. Dozens of our handsomest homes have been closed for the winter. This man stopped before a particularly spacious house and stared at its boarded doors and windows.

"They'll all be open six months from now—as homes for convalescent soldiers."

Yesterday I rode the length of New York's famous Riverside drive. Like a stately panorama, the luxurious homes and apartments unrolled before my eyes. Filmy lace hung at windows, from which peered now a servant in uniform, now a woman marvelously coiffed and gowned, now a pedigreed dog docketed with ribbon. Yes hundreds of these! But in five blocks I counted on my fingers the food conservation cards and the flags that hung in those windows.

I began to wonder if God—and my brothers in France—would stand between such homes—and invasion! What the women behind the filmy curtains would do if the Huns poured over Manhattan island and these tents of luxury should rock under their bombs.

America—awake!

Our men are in the trenches to-day! In your dreams in your soul, select your brother in France, that unknown, unnamed American man who is fighting for you—and then live for him—24 hours a day!

STOMACH UPSET?

Get at the Real Cause—Take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets

That's what thousands of stomach sufferers are doing now. Instead of taking tonics, or trying to patch up a poor digestion, they are attacking the real cause of the ailment—clogged liver and disordered bowels.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets arouse the liver in a soothing, healing way. When the liver and bowels are performing their natural functions, away goes indigestion and stomach troubles.

If you have a bad taste in your mouth, tongue coated, appetite poor, lazy, don't-care feeling, no ambition or energy, troubled with undigested foods, you should take Olive Tablets, the substitute for calomel.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are a purely vegetable compound mixed with olive oil. You will know them by their olive color. They do the work without griping, cramps or pain.

Take one or two at bedtime for quick relief, so you can eat what you like. At 10c and 25c per box. All druggists.

COAL UP 35 CENTS A TON

President Wilson Raises the Cost to Meet Miners' Wages

NEW TON PRICE NOW IN EFFECT

Increase in Fuel Charge Will Add More Than \$30,000,000 to the Annual Coal Bill

Washington, Dec. 3.—A general increase of 35 cents a ton was added to the price of anthracite coal at the mines Saturday by President Wilson to meet a proposed wage increase for anthracite miners. The new prices were effective beginning Saturday and will add more than \$30,000,000 to the public's annual coal bill.

The wage increase was agreed on by operators' and miners' representatives at Washington two weeks ago contingent on higher coal prices to absorb the raise. When their negotiations were ended the operators and miners turned over to the fuel administration their agreement and estimates of what it would add to the cost of production. They asked that prices be raised at least 45 cents a ton.

Fuel Administrator Garfield said Saturday night he gave the problem the most careful consideration, hesitating to decide whether it would be worse to add to the burden of those who buy coal or permit workmen to leave the mines for higher pay elsewhere, thus reducing the coal output. It was evident, he said, that the producers were ready to fight the increase if forced to pay the entire amount themselves.

The situation in the anthracite industry and the factors influencing his decision that prices should be increased were set forth by Dr. Garfield in a letter to the president recommending that the increase be put at 35 cents a ton.

OPEN FOR 2,000 RECRUITS.

Naval Reserve Force of the Second Naval District.

The naval reserve force of the second naval district at Newport, R. I., is once more open—this time for 2,000 recruits.

This announcement will mean much to hundreds of young men who have hesitated or hesitated to sign up for military duty.

The naval reserve has rightly been one of the most popular branches in the war. The officers' training camps, aviation, and the reserve have proved to be the three most promptly filled services.

The advantage of the first was the opportunity for a commission, of the second the chance for daring and individual work, and of the reserve, a combination of practically all the best features of both.

Many men in the reserve who have shown themselves to be possessed of the necessary qualifications for officership have studied for the regular examinations, passed, and received commissions as ensigns and warrant officers.

A radio school in the district is ready to prepare men for positions as wireless telegraphers in our navy.

Other men have successfully applied for a transfer to the naval reserve flying corps.

Every week examinations are held for those who desire to improve their ratings. These ratings cover practically every field, and a man with any boat, shop, mechanical, carpenter, or nautical experience can, in all likelihood, qualify.

Applicants are accepted only for general service, and if they enlist and remain in the seaman branches they are likely to have an opportunity to see service in one of the 110-footers, those small, fast boats that are doing scout duty in both these and foreign waters, on transports, or the convoy vessels of our navy.

The central enrolling office is located in the war college in Newport, R. I. Letters of inquiry regard to the naval reserve should be addressed to the enrolling officer, war college, Newport, R. I., and the same will be promptly answered and the information forwarded.

Applications for service in the second district may be made also at the Brooklyn navy yard, and the navy recruiting stations in Newark, N. J., Pittsburgh, Pa., Minneapolis, Minn., and St. Louis, Mo., and further information regarding the service may be had from any regular navy recruiting station.

To Newport men have come from every state. The high reputation of the district, the large number of college men enlisted in it, the wide diversity of opportunity offered, the zest and attractiveness of small boat service have combined to make the station a powerful magnet.

It is expected that the 2,000 men required will seize this chance in a very short time. Unless men hurry to enroll now, they will doubtless find that once more the doors of one of Uncle Sam's most appealing services have been irrevocably closed.

Death Warning.

Oliver Wendell Holmes recorded his protest against the custom of telling a person who does not actually ask to know that he cannot recover. As that loving observer of mankind asserted, so must every one who knows wherewith he speaks assert that people almost always come to understand that recovery is impossible. It is rarely needful to tell any one that this is the case. When nature gives the warning death appears to be as little feared as sleep.

Giving It a Name.

The doctor treated me for a week for a cold," complained the victim bitterly, "and now he sends me a bill for \$30. Highway robbery, that's what it is!"

"I'd call it pillage," suggested his idiotic friend, with an explosive giggle. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Medical Etiquette.

Instead of being kept up, as people so often imagine, in the interests of the doctors, it is maintained in the interests of the public. It is the public, not the doctors, who would suffer most were it done away with.—London Spectator.

MOVING DAY.

By ISABEL FROST.

It had never occurred to Alice Barton that Mr. Paxton, her landlord, would not trust her indefinitely, even though she had not taken the time to apprise him of her intentions. She had meant to drop in the office on her way to the station and tell his slave at the desk that they might renew her lease; but it was pouring pitchforks, and she had to make a train; therefore she trusted to luck and the landlord's intuition.

When she returned on May 1 she encountered large packing cases in her hall, also a young man in shirt-sleeves wrestling with the same.

"I'll have these out of the way in just a minute, so you can get by," he told her, pleasantly.

"But I don't want to get by," said Alice frigidly. "Thank you. I merely wish to get into my apartment."

"There seems to be some mistake here. I rented this apartment under the impression that it was vacant," he explained. "From May 1 for one year. I'm just moving in."

Alice's face turned a shade paler. Manners were instinctive second nature to her, and she forced herself to speak very quietly.

"May I phone the office?" she asked, a bit helplessly.

Paxton's voice was suave but firm. He reminded her that they had written several times, inquiring her intentions on the renewal of her lease, and she had calmly ignored them.

"Have you anything else left in the building?" she asked.

"No, I am very sorry, but there is nothing at all left. We waited until the very last moment for your decision, but Mr. Reeves wished the apartment on the first, and we accommodated him. If there is anything that we can do—"

No, there was nothing they could do. She thanked him and hung up the receiver. Drawing off her gray suede gloves, she looked around her a bit tiredly.

"I'll pack up my things right away," she said.

"You won't do anything of the sort. I shall not retain the apartment," he told her resolutely. "It was beastly of them to rent it without your knowledge. I'm going to throw the whole thing up."

"But you can't, you know. Not if you've signed a lease." She laughed rather wearily. "If you don't mind, I think I'll make a cup of tea for myself before I pack my dishes. Won't you join me?"

Before the impromptu tea was half over, she made several enlightening discoveries. First, Mr. Reeves was a Yale man, the same class as her brother Tom. This in itself would have warranted her in accepting almost any favor at his hands. The time slipped away while he told of Tom's initiation into their fraternity, and then she found herself reading to him Tom's last letter from France, where he had joined the aviation corps.

"Of course, you understand," he told her, when they had finished tea, "that I can't possibly let you go out of here. If they won't let me step down and out, I shall submit to you."

She wrote to Tom, telling him of the accidental meeting, and asking him if he remembered Dick Reeves, class '13, Yale. The answer did not come back for nearly two months, and in that time Dick had securely established himself as a landlord who bestowed remarkable attention upon his tenant. He called frequently.

Then came the letter from Tom. She never forgot the moment when she opened it. Just after Dick had gone.

"He's one of the finest old chaps I ever met, but he got into a mix-up at college with a girl who blew into town with a road show. I guess she was a square little kid, all right, for she tried to hold Dick, and told him he was making a fool of himself for nothing. His old man went mad over the affair and cut Dick off without a cent. He stuck it out, though, working his way through his last year, and took his degree. I don't know what became of

Any Sickness Leaves Weakness

Even a simple cold strips and reduces your resistive powers to allow other sickness. Only food—not alcohol or drugs—creates the rich blood which distributes strength to the body, and the concentrated medicinal food in

SCOTT'S EMULSION

makes the blood rich and stimulates its circulation while its tonic virtue enlivens the appetite and aids nutrition to reestablish your strength quickly and permanently. If you are rundown, anemic or nervous, by all means get Scott's Emulsion. It builds because it is a food—not a stimulant.

Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J.

the girl. I believe he's working now in his cousin's automobile factory, learning the business from the ground up. I'm mighty glad you've met him."

It was two weeks later. He sat on the window-seat looking down at Gramercy park. "Alice," he said suddenly, with a touch of desperation in his tone, "I've got to tell you something. Something I'm mighty ashamed of, now that I've met you and know the real thing. Maybe I'm wrong, but it seems to me you ought to know before I ask you to be my wife."

Alice bent a little lower over her embroidery as she sat in a dark-green willow chair beside him.

"I've heard all about Peggy," she said, quietly. "Tom told me. I like you much better as a worker. Dick, than as you must have been before she switched your life into the miller way of independence. Was that all?"

She glanced up at him with a little mischievous smile of inquiry, and Dick left the window seat.

The following morning Mr. Paxton glanced up from his desk. Dick's tone was very decisive.

"We wish a few alterations made in the apartment, Miss Barton and myself. We will be married on the 19th, and it will have to be in shape by the time we get back from our honeymoon."

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Speculation and Gambling.

It has often been asked if a man can speculate in the stock market without any one losing in the event of his making a profit.

On the floor of the New York Stock Exchange I once traced 100 shares of Steel that passed through the hands of nineteen speculators in a single day. Each one of these nineteen bought and sold them, and each one made money.

It is idle to say that some of these may have lost what they might have made, because that involves us in a double hypothesis. Actually each one profited, and actualities are what count in speculation as in every other form of legitimate business.

This incident illustrates one of seven reasons why speculation is not gambling.—William C. Van Antwerp in New York Sun.

Discouraging.

"I'm always first at the office and have been for a long time."

"Anybody noticed it yet?"

"Only the janitor. He says that we won't get me anything."—Exchange.

Permission.

Fond Mother—My son, did your father forbid you learning to smoke? Young America—No, ma. When I asked him if I might smoke he said, "Not much!"

He hath a poor spirit who is not planted above petty wrongs.—Feltman.

Perplexing.

"This bit of literature hasn't any plot to speak of, but it's got me guessing."

"Detective story, eh?"

"Nope; time table."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

He that plants thorns will not gather roses.—Proverb.

ASK FOR and GET

Horlick's The Original Malted Milk

Substitutes Cost YOU Same Price.

Going Higher

Now is the time to purchase the automobile you had intended to get next spring, as the prices are advancing and you will save good money by buying a Hudson Super-Six or Saxon Six Car at present prices.